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# Love in the Hordes



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## Chapter 1 by Aaron Hartmann

In a place where every city, street, and alley are infested with the infected. Many people died. Few survived.

A young man named Max Graves was one of the survivors. He was about to get into Major League Baseball, but all hell broke loose.

Another survivor was a young woman named Lauren Felix. She was in line of her family business to own her father's company.

You might be wondering what the relationship is between these two brave souls, it might actually surprise you.

## Chapter 2 by -



Now, any normal person would think that these two survivors would only work together when they had to, but this story is a love story. When the two survivors met, they immediately fell in love, but didn't show it to the other person. As the days went on, they got attacked by the infected people, and they always saved each other's lives.

Nothing could tear them apart...  
Not even death.

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When Max and Lauren finally admitted their feelings towards each other, their thoughts immediately went to having children. If they were the only survivors, they needed to make another generation to repopulate the world.

Here is their story from the time they met to the day they died, their lives lived to the full extent of human capability.

### Chapter 3 by Japhet



"The Los Angeles Dodgers!!" His mom gasped and immediately tossed the phone to Max. "Hurry up and answer before they change their minds!"

"I know, I know!" Max stepped back and mustered all his thoughts on this big day. "I'm Max Helwell" Based on the amount of blood running down his pale cheek, his mom knew his dream has just become a reality. The young man bowed as the caller bade goodbye and he, whose face left no space for excitement, kissed his mother's forehead. "This man will soon catch balls on the grand Dodger's stadium."

Three full years in the minors eventually yielded good results. He was hoping to land in Mariners as shortstop, but every opportunity shall be seized. Max failed to find sleep so he settled himself running downtown. The Kingsman Cafe should be open before dawn.

Unnatural silence enveloped the 34th street. Nighthawks were usually out and rushing to get a good spot at the mini-rodeo event happening at Herman's. He noticed three dalmatians scampering throughout the streets, obviously obnoxious of the street lights continuously altering colors even at the absence of pedestrians.

"What the hell!"

Time is 05:45 and no one had stepped out of the supposed crowded sub-urban neighborhood. For the first time, Max felt alone. Life seemed to have ceased overnight. No music, no cars...

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Chapter 3 by Alex's Helwell

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Life was quite different for Lauren. She wanted to be a famous singer, she sang so beautifully that when she was younger the school would make people pay to get into the chorus concert, because people came just to hear her.

But ever since she was younger she was told that she had to run her dad's business, because he was getting older and needed to retire due to health problems, but wouldn't until someone took over. Lauren told her dad just to sell it... unfortunately no one cared that she had a dream and they didn't take no for an answer.

She is currently 22 years old and just graduated college, her major of course being business. Even though she Julliard offered her a full scholarship...

...sadly she is now living her father's dream for her, waking up very early in the morning just to run a small cafe, The Kingsman Cafe, which was passed down to her father by her mom's dad.

Lauren was very confused it was nearly 05:45 in the morning and none of her regular costumers were there... now that she thinks of it none of her staff was there either!

AND is... is there a head laying on the street!!??

## Chapter 5 by Trisha Smith



Lauren clicked the lock on her door and slowly stepped away from the window. The appearance of severed body parts in the middle of the street bodes well for no one, least of all a small reluctant business owner.

A shrill shriek caught her attention. She crouched low, peeking out through the blinds. A tall male figure was booking it down the street, one hand holding, wait, was that? It was!

It was a goddamned arm!

She watched with wide eyes as the man veered for the cafe. He pulled at the now locked door banging on the glass. Lauren stood slowly, hoping to make herself as invisible as she could. It wasn't as successful as she had hoped. The man stonned hanging on the glass and locked eyes

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her and farther down the street. Then she heard it, the horrendous moaning and groans, the snapping of teeth and the shuffle of flesh.

## Chapter 6 by Audrey

Max pounded his fists even more against the glass door as the mob grew closer. A little boy, with his face misshapened and warped, stumbled to his side. A lollipop, covered with mucus, still clung to his chubby hand. He moaned loudly. As if the rest of them had heard him, the once inaudible shuffles grew faster and louder.

"Let me in! I'm going to die out here!" Pale, shriveled hands grabbed his back side and started pulling, dragging him under the horde of infected civilians. He wriggled, twisted and turned, but he couldn't escape the iron grip.

What would happen to him? Would he be infected as well? Or would they kill him before he even tried to surrender to their disgusting masses?

In a last effort, Max thrust his hand out to the beautiful girl inside the cafe. Even if she did decide to trust him, she would never get from the counter to the door in time. He closed his eyes and waited for the light of his soul to fizz and come to an end.

But it didn't.

"Here!" A soft hand grasped his rough, coarse one. He'd never thought he'd feel so good to feel it instead of the winning catch in his ball glove.

She tugged so hard Max was surprised it didn't pop out its socket. He fought the battle that his ancestors never thought would happen.

He won.

• • •

The mob snatched him from the hand, butised an arm, and he watched the salty blood from his handles as beaten bananas. See more of Story Wars

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hated air and the body

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HOLY— his voice was cut off by the blaring alarm that pulled him under

She stared at him. His chest glinted in the sunlight. Succulent lips and all, he was what her grandfather would call "a prime catch". She smiled at the memory.

And that was when her mind overtook her.

Kiss him, it begged. Now, when he doesn't notice.

No, she answered, I shouldn't.

Honey, you shouldn't do a lot if things, it replied, its voice syrupy sweet. But that's not even part of the conversation. A peck on the cheek is all you need.

I'll do more than that, she thought to herself as she kissed his worn and weathered lips.

She finally left his comforting touch and walked away, leaving him on the stone floor.

## Chapter 7 by Chloe Shaw



The first thing he felt was pain.

It was dull at first then exploded into a white, searing pain.

With his eyes still closed, he groans out loud and tries to sit up. The air is cold and he then realizes that his shirt was gone.

Opening his eyes, all he saw was a blurry mess of darkness and more darkness.

Was he blind or was it just nighttime?

Getting to his feet and using the wall to support himself, he glances around, trying to get a bearing on his surroundings.

He was in a cafe. Suddenly, memories started to flood into his brain.

The horde.

The girl.

The kiss.

Staggering, he leans against the wall, the pain in his head increasing.

Suddenly, a sound echoes through the cafe. Max's head shoots up in the direction of the sound.

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Chapter 8 by Chloe Shaw

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Max replied in a bit tense way, "y...yes, it flew in my face!"

"Who are you?" Lauren asks gently.

"I am Max Graves and what about you?"

"Lauren Felix, huhh... Owner of this small cafe." She replied with hesitation.

Suddenly both heard a sound.

"It's a military helicopter. I think they are blocking the city." max replied while coming next to a window and looking out.

And suddenly a walker bangs to the window

"oh shit" max shouted and comes far from the window.

"We need to get out of here" max speaks to Lauren.

"But why this place is safe." Lauren argues.

"no there are numbers of them walking outside  
and they can anytime break this window and come in"

"but where we'll go?" Lauren asks

"toward the east highway i could probably say that we could find help there." max said while inspecting the cafe. "take everything you need, we should not waste time, we have to leave now."

Max and Lauren takes some materials and goods with them.

But their journey has just started. And no one knows what would happen next..!

**the end**

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